MEMORY GEMS
FOR CHILDREN

JESSIE CARR TYNDALL

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"The little singer in coat of blue
Sat on a bough, then away he flew,
With his dear little mate at his side."

MEMORY GEMS FOR CHILDREN

BASED ON NATURE AND ETHICS

Edited and arranged by
JESSIE CARR TYNDALL

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To Mothers, Teachers and Little Children.

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PREFACE

Mothers, you are in a great measure, responsible for the lifetime happiness of your children. Happiness is from within. To have the love of the beautiful, in nature, given to little ones is not only your duty, but ought to be your pleasure.

The mind stored with simple, dainty memory gems, so simple that the youngest mind is not burdened, is one way and a very important way, of accomplishing this end,—the love of the beautiful in nature.

Those, who through life, can see the beauty in nest building,—the beauty in the waking of plant life in spring—the beauty in the "golden days of the early fall"—the beauty in the softly falling snow, can never be unhappy, but may to the very end of life, be filled with the most intense happiness.

The teacher is the school mother. It should be your duty and pleasure to assist the home mother in her loving work of filling the minds of the little ones, with a few of these beautiful selections. Through these thoughts given to them they will see the beautiful and love it. If you accomplish this, your work has been nobly done.

To you, little children, I give this collection of memory gems because I love you.

Jessie Carr Tyndall.

Spring and Summer

MEMORY GEMS

What do you think I heard,
When I opened my window wide?
Tones so silvery, sweet and strong,
Notes so flutelike, with trills so long,
The little singer in coat of blue,
Sat on a bough, then away he flew,
With his dear little mate at his side.

March nodded to winter, "Good-by, good-by,
Off to your home in the north, you must fly,
Have you forgotten, under the snow,
The wee seeds are waiting,yes,waiting to grow?"

In the heart of a seed, buried deep so deep,
A dear little plant lay fast asleep,
"Wake," said the sunshine "and creep to the light,"
"Wake," said the voice of the raindrops bright;
The little plant heard, and rose to see,
What the wonderful outside world might be.

MEMORY GEMS

Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know,
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and springtime is here.

Little white snowdrops, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet butter cup,
Under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow.

Nothing so small or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow.

A little straw, a little hair,
A little feather here and there.
A little stick, a little string
What is this pretty little thing?
It is a home, a nest,
Where soon some baby birds will rest
Beneath their mother's downy breast.

Here blooms the warm red clover
There peeps the violet blue,
Oh, happy little children;
God made them all for you.

MEMORY GEMS

Sing, pretty birds and build your nests,
The fields are green, the skies are clear,
Sing, pretty birds and build your nests,
The world is glad to have you here.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

Does your birthday come in April!
So does mine.
Oh, isn't having birthdays,
Just fine?

April, April, are you here?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! the sky is bright and clear,
April, April are your here?

Dear little tree, that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house.
The school boy's ladder in pleasant June,
The school girl's tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily,
A tale of the children who planted me.

MEMORY GEMS

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the trees bow low their heads,
The wind is passing through.

Within their downy cradles,
Soft pink and grey and white,
The tender little blossoms,
Are waking to the light.

The little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time,
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.

Down in the valley, deep, deep, deep,
Where the sunbeams wink and peep,
Under the grasses, hiding low,
There's Where the dear little violets grow.

The sky, was it ever so sunny?
Were fields ever green like today?
My heart is so full, it brims over
In laughter, this first of sweet May.

MEMORY GEMS

Pretty little violets, waking from your sleep
Fragrant little blossoms, just about to peep,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolink, telling you 'tis May.

When to the flowers so beautiful,
The Father gave a name.
Back came a little blue eyed one,
All timidly it came,
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said, with low and timid voice,
Yet with a gentle grace,
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on him,
And said, " Forget me not."

The flower that's bright with the sun's own light,
And hearty and true and bold,
Is the daisy sweet, that nods at your feet,
And sprinkles the field with gold.

Hiding away in the wildwood, under the dark green
leaves,
The tiny, timid violet a beautiful lesson breathes.
Oh! teach me little violet, like you to blossom on,
When no other eyes are upon me,
And with God I am all alone.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
A little girl like you,
Just grows and grows and grows and grows,
And that's what she must do.

A little girl looked all about,
"Oh, where did the flowers hide?"
Her round eyes towards the sky she turned,
"In that rainbow. See," she cried.

How do you like to go up in a swing?
Up in the air so blue?
Oh! I do think it the pleasantest thing,
Ever a child can do.

MEMORY GEMS

Who is the queen of Babyland?
Mother, kind and sweet.
And her love
Born from above,
Guides the little feet.

Mother says, and of course she knows.
That clean hands and face,
Make me fresh as a rose.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather,
Hundreds of dew drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

Three little rules we all should keep,
To make life happy and bright.
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
And keep on smiling at night.

MEMORY GEMS

Whenever I fly
From my own dear nest,
I always come back,
For home is the best.

Politeness is to do and say,
The kindest things in the kindest way.

Kind hearts are the garden,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

The merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me,
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know, don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be?"

MEMORY GEMS

For every sunny hour,
A drop of rain.
For every cloudy day,
The stars again.
For every passing care,
A mother's kiss.
And what could better be,
My child, than this?

Good-night, sleep tight,
Wake up bright, in the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

Which ever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The good God made them all.

What do little birdies say,
Flying through the gloomy wood?
We must sing the gloom away,
Sun or shadow, God is good.

Beautiful ground on which we tread
Beautiful sky above our head,
Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light,
Beautiful summer beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merrily sing,
Beautiful lily, beautiful rose,
Beautiful every flower that grows,
Beautiful trees and woods so green,
Beautiful buds and blossoms seen,
Beautiful every little blade,
Beautiful all that God has made.

AUTUMN

MEMORY GEMS

Tell me sunny goldenrod,
Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from fairyland,
And make the dress you wear?

Lovely are you goldenrod,
I will try, like you,
To fill each day with deeds of cheer,
Be loving, kind and true.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all.
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards,
With fruit are bending down.

Dainty milkweed babies,
Floating in the air,
Soft and light as feathers,
Sailing everywhere.
How I wish, this morning,
I could sail like you,
O'er hill and valley,
I'd go floating, too.

MEMORY GEMS

Cover and case locked close together,
  Filled with a curious kind of feather,
Open the box, you need no key.
  Oh! pretty, green case did you grow for me?

'Twas only the other day, I said,
  I must make my dolly a feather bed,
And here is the softest, fluffiest stuff,
  Silky and white and plenty enough.

A little brown baby round and wee,
With the kind wind to rock him,
Slept high in a tree.
And he grew, and he grew till,
Oh, dreadful to say!
He tumbled right out of his cradle one day,
Down, down from the tree top a terrible fall,
But the queer little fellow was not hurt at all,
And sound and sweet he lies in the grass,
And there you will find him whenever you pass.

Golden apples hanging high,
Golden bees a-buzzing by.
Thirty golden days that fly,
  That's September!

MEMORY GEMS

See the leaves come fluttering down,
Some are red and some are brown,
Some are yellow as sunshine fair,
Scattering brightness everywhere.

"Come little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content;
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

The month is October,
The leaves have come down,
The woodlands are scarlet
And yellow and brown.

I'll be a little sunbeam true,
A tiny ray of light.
And try in all I say and do,
To make the world more bright.

The busy, busy children,
Are gathering nuts so brown,
And birds are gaily planning,
A winter out of town.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit,
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

It takes one little girl or boy,
Two little hands to work and play,
And just one little loving heart,
To make Thanksgiving Day.

I thank thee, Father, for the care
Which fills my life and makes it fair,
The sunshine and the pleasant rain,
The seeds which grow to golden grain,
The tender love surrounding me
For all these gifts so sent to me
I thank thee.

MEMORY GEMS

Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Oh, busy squirrel with shining eyes,
  And bushy tail so round,
Why do you gather all the nuts,
  That fall upon the ground?

I must prepare for winter's cold,
  My harvest I must reap,
For when Jack Frost the forests claim,
  Within my hole I keep.

God made my life,
  A little light
Within the world to glow,
  A tiny flame that burneth bright,
  Wherever I may go.

Beautiful hands are they that do,
Deeds that are noble, good and true.

Let us try to be polite
  In everything we do.
Remember always to say, please,
  And never forget, I thank you.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

To do to others as I would,
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

At work or at play,
In darkness or light,
Be true, be true,
And stick to the right.

Little children, you should seek,
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak,
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

The stars are in the sky at night,
One, two, three, four or more,
But baby does not see their light,
He is asleep tonight.

MEMORY GEMS

At evening, when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine over head.
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky, the moon will go,
She is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

All-night long the little stars blink,
All night-long they twinkle and wink,
All night-long when we're fast asleep,
Through the cracks in the shutters they peep, peep, peep.

I see the moon
And the moon sees me,
God bless the moon,
And God bless me.

Oh, look at the moon!
She is shining up there,
Oh, mother she looks
Like a lamp, in the air!
Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger
And round, like an O.

MEMORY GEMS

A message came to the flowers one day,
Brought by the wind from far, far away,
And this is what to each flower it said,
"Autumn has come to put you to bed."

Good-by, little flowers,
The icy winds ring,
Snow, blanket them over,
Sleep well little clover,
Sleep until spring.

WINTER

MEMORY GEMS

Softly from the sky are falling
Snowflakes white as lilies fair;
Gently to each other calling,
As they float down through the air.

Out of the sky they come,
Wandering through the air,
Some to the roofs, and some
Whiten the branches bare.
Some to the empty nest,
Some to the ground below,
Until the world is dressed
In a beautiful gown of snow.

The little snow people are hurrying down,
From their home in the clouds overhead;
They are working as hard as hard can be,
Putting the world to bed.

Little white feathers, how swift you go,
Little white feathers, we love you so.
We're swift, because we have work to do,
So hold up your face; we'll kiss you true.

'Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung
By the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas
Soon would be there.

Merry bells, Christmas bells,
All the world's humming,
All you see are full of glee,
For Santa Claus is coming.

While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words,
All love and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad,
For love's dear sake.

I thank Thee for the little birds
That eat my crumbs upon the sill.
I thank Thee for the pretty snow
That's coming down so soft and still.

MEMORY GEMS

How can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January?
By each day doing what is best,
By thinking, working for the rest.
So can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January.

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns, and turns to say, " Goodby,
Goodby, dear clouds, so cool and gray,"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
" Good day," it says, " Good day to thee,
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my playmates here."

" Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
" One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt,
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

Cold winds may blow,
And snows may fall,
But well we know
God cares for all.

This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.
So He gives His snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

When the winter's sun is shining,
Though the ground is white with snow,
With our prism in the window,
We can make bright colors glow.

Sing a song of snowflakes,
White and soft and cool,
Four and twenty little folks
Running home from school.
Frisking, laughing, shouting,
All along their way.
What a jolly time they have,
On a snowy day.

MEMORY GEMS

Little hands that busy keep
Shall the richest harvest reap.

My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day
Are the things He shall see me doing
And the words He shall hear me say.

The world is so full
Of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all
Be as happy as kings.

Here is February,
Such a tiny thing;
She's the shortest daughter
Mother Year can bring.

Sunsets red and quiet air,
Ponds are ice and trees are bare,
Fields are frozen, far and near,
February days are here.

MEMORY GEMS

A million little diamonds
  Twinkled in the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
  "A jewel, if you please."

But while they held their hands outstretched,
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
  And stole them all away.

Be kind and be gentle
  To those who are old,
For dearer, is kindness
  And better, than gold.

In the sky above us,
  Where the angels dwell,
God will ever love us,
  If we serve Him well.

Work while you work,
  Play while you play;
That is the way
  To be cheerful and gay.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell
Knows them all, and loves them well.

May we, like the clock,
Keep a face ever bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease,
To very, very little keys,
And never forget, that they are these,
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

This is my country's glorious flag,
And I am my country's boy,
To love and serve my native land,
Will ever be my joy.

A little girl may love the flag
That floats above her land,
And she can bravely do her part
To make her country grand.

A little bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love
Makes a very happy home.

This little card so dainty,
So sunny, white and fair,
Brings peace and loving wishes
For God's great love and care.

She's very sweet, my mother dear,
I want to tell her so right here;
And give to her this heart of mine,
And sign myself her Valentine.

We send you this sweet valentine,
Your good, true heart to cheer,
And may the happiness it brings,
Be with you all the year.

Only to think, just under the snow,
Flowers and grasses are waiting to grow.
Hark! do you hear them rushing about,
Whispering softly, "I want to get out?"
Only be patient a few weeks more
And the warm, kind sun will open the door.

MEMORY GEMS

February sunbeams
Brighter grow each day,
Telling that the winter
Soon will pass away.

So, good night,
Slumber on till morning light,
Slumber till another morrow
Brings its store of joy and sorrow.
Fearless in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night.

In January falls the snow,
In February cold winds blow,
In March peep out the early flowers,
In April fall the sunny showers,
In May the roses bloom so gay,
In June the farmer mows his hay,
In July brightly shines the sun,
In August harvest is begun,
September turns the green leaves brown,
October winds then shake them down,
November's fields are brown and sere,
December comes and ends the year.

MEMORY GEMS

A little bit of blowing,
  A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
  And Crocuses will show!
On ev'ry twig that's lonely,
  A new green leaf will swing,
On ev'ry patient tree top,
  A thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
  A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
  The violets again.
And ev'ry frozen hillside,
  Its gift of grass will bring,
And ev'ry day of winter,
  Another day of spring.

THE DEAR, DEAR BIRDS

The birds are coming home soon,
I look for them every day,
I listen to catch the first wild strain,
For they must be singing by May.

I think I hear music
And song, in my sleep.
Perhaps Spring is coming,—
I'll just take a peep.

"Awake," says the sunshine, "'tis time to get up,
Awake, pretty daisy and sweet buttercup;
Why, you've been sleeping the whole winter long;
Hark! Hark! Don't you hear?
'Tis the bluebird's first song."

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow, the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Little bird upon the tree,
Sing a song to me,
Sing a song of cherries ripe,
In the early morning light.

MEMORY GEMS

Saucy little bluebird
Singing, off he flew;
With his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

Little bird blue,
Come, sing us your song;
The cold winter weather
Has lasted so long.

Oh, birdies golden, gray and blue,
Wren, robin, bobolink so gay,
Though May had all beside but you,
She'd not be May.

Robins in the tree tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass.

How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living above in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below.

MEMORY GEMS

Swallows, robins, thrushes,
Singing loud and gay,—
Who could ask for sweeter sounds
Than these on a spring day?

"Peep, peep, peep," says she;
One, two, three—one, two, three,
Little birds who wait for me.
One is yellow, two are brown,
On each head a scarlet crown."

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of wool and hay and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best
And lay the twigs across?

A little bird with feathers brown,
Sat singing in a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as sweet could be.

Said robin to the blue bird,
"My nest I now must build,
And shortly you shall see it,
With pretty blue eggs filled."

MEMORY GEMS

Over my shaded doorway,
Two little brown winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
And utter their loving words.

Under my wings safe from cold and harm,
Five little eggs lie cozy and warm;
Blue are these eggs as the summer sky,
And each holds a secret for bye and bye.

Hidden away in the elm tree up so high,
Three little birds in a cradle wee, near the sky;
All tucked away so tenderly, safe and warm,
Rocked by the breezes silently, safe from harm.

The old woodpecker is hard at work,
A carpenter is he;
And you can hear him hammering
His nest upon the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother blue bird
And her little birdies three.

There are many soft, downy cradles,
  But one that I love the best,
Is up in the elm tree swinging,—
  An oriole's cozy next.

Of all the weavers that I know,
  The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree,
  She hangs her cozy nest.

A bird sits swinging in our tree,
  This is the song she sings to me;
"Oh, don't you touch my little nest,
  But leave my birdies there at rest."

Dear little bird, you need not fear,
  Your nest to me is very dear;
So sing, dear bird, your very best,
  While all day long your birdies rest.

I'm a Robin Redbreast,
My nest is in the tree,
If you look up in yonder elm,
My pleasant home you'll see.

Within our pretty little nest
Arranged with loving care,
Are five sweet speckled little eggs;
Don't tell the boys they're there!

The humming bird! The humming bird!
So fairy like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight.

The brown owl sits in the ivy bush,
And she looks so wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

Oh, look! look! what I have found,—
A sparrow's nest upon the ground;
A sparrow's nest, as you can see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

God made the pretty bird to fly,
How sweetly has she sung;
And though she flies so very high,
She won't forget her young.

Whistled the blackbird to his mate,
"I think we had better go, dear;
Showers of gold and purple leaves,
Fields that are brown and yellow sheaves
Tell of the coming snow, dear,
I think we had better go, dear."

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm
And tuck his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

When all the ground with snow is white,
The merry snowbird comes,
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

MEMORY GEMS

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play;
When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

A bird that stays in wintry days,
  A friend indeed, is he;
And better than all other birds
  I love the Chickadee.

Come, pretty little snowbird
  With white and downy breast;
Come tell me where you've hidden
  In your secret winter nest.

When all the ground is covered
  With flakes of purest snow,
Then out you come and hop around
  And flutter to and fro.

DEAR LITTLE BABIES

MEMORY GEMS

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the Dreamland tree
And down comes a little dream on thee.

What do they do in Babyland?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed.
Shut your eyelids, now the day
And the night are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight.
Little baby dear, goodnight.

MEMORY GEMS

Where do all the babies go?
I know, I know.
In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm,
That is where they go.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Baby sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

Slumber, slumber, little one now,
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough,
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream fairy sings.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mother's eyes;
Mother's eyes and smiles together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mama's kisses,
To her own little baby boy.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,
  Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping,
  Sleeping and dreaming, while mother sings."

What does little baby say,
  In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
  "Let me rise and fly away."
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
  Baby, too, shall fly away.

Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby and cradle and all.

Whisper to my darling
That mother's heart will keep
A watch o'er every movement
While baby is asleep.

The sun has gone from the shiny skies,
Bye—baby—bye.
The dandelions have closed their eyes,
Bye—baby—bye.
And the stars are lighting their lamps to see
If the babies and squirrels and birds, all three,
Are sound asleep as they ought to be;
Bye—baby—bye.

Now who could picture a form more sweet
Than our baby boy with his dimpled feet,
On mother's lap so soft and warm?
We bless the day when he was born.

THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

MEMORY GEMS

Think what a host of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses and ferns and weeds,
Are under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow.

Oh, you Pussy Willow,
Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine
Of the early spring;
Tell, Oh, tell me Pussy,
For I want to know,
Where it is you come from
How it is you grow.

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
A pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and blossoms all about;
And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

Oh, it's a comfort to know,
Buttercup, daisy, like sunshine and snow,
Little flower faces not one do I lack,
Little flower people, you always come back.

Wake, wake, little flowers,
And gladden the earth;
The birds are all singing
To welcome your birth.

Golden sunshine, silver rain,
Each its work is doing;
Birds and bees and blossoms fair,
Now the world renewing.

Wake up, little daisy,
The summer is nigh;
The dear little robin
Is up in the sky.

In spring when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind that bids them wake,
And into pretty flowers break.

Under the green hedges, after the snow,
There do the dear, little violets grow;
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads,
Under the hawthorn, in soft mossy beds.

MEMORY GEMS

Only a little seed,
Very small indeed;
Put it in the ground,
Wait and see
What it will be.

To the great brown house, where the flowers live,
Came the rain with its tap, tap, tap;
And whispered, "Violet, Snowdrop and Rose,
Your pretty eyes you must now unclose."

The spring is here, the gentle spring,
The flowers will open, the birds will sing,
The sun will shine, the lambs will play
And little children will be gay.

Dear little violet,
Don't be afraid,
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade.
All the birds call for you,
Out of the sky;
May here is waiting,
And here, too, am I.

The lilacs are in blossom,
The cherry flowers are white;
I hear a sound above me,
A twitter of delight.

God made the sky, that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green,
He made the flowers, that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair, we hear or see,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

We love the flowers, the little flowers,
So beautiful and bright;
They come to cheer our dreary hours,
They come for our delight.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
God made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

MEMORY GEMS

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
  On every hill and dell;
And, oh, how beautiful they are,
  How fragrant, too, they smell.

First the blue and then the shower,
  Bursting bud and smiling flower,
Brooks set free with tinkling ring,
  Birds, too, full of song to sing,
All things ready with a will,
  April's coming up the hill.

Apple blossom sat in a tree,
  Out of a little green bud came she;
Her dress was made of pink and white,
  Cut in five petals so soft and light.

Oh, little flowers, you love me so,
  You could not do without me;
Oh, little birds, that come and go,
  You sing sweet songs about me.

A little daisy in a meadow grew,
Kissed by the sunshine and fed by the dew;
And gaily she sang to the passerby,
"Was ever a daisy so happy as I?"

Pretty little buttercup,
Shining bright as gold,
Drops of purest sunshine,
In your cup you hold.

Oh, dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green grass,
Till the children come to play.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom,
Plant roses and roses will bloom,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Oh summer, summer, summer's here,
With suns and showers,
With birds and bees and full leaved trees,
And gaily colored flowers.

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